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Shall We Lose Our Homes?

AN EDITORIAL

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NEW YORK'S NEW LAW FOR WOMEN WORKERS

After some fourteen years of effort on the part of its supporters a forty-eight hour law for women workers has been adopted by the state of New York. The new law applies to female workers over sixteen. It provides that they may not be employed in factories or mercantile employments more than eight hours per day or forty-eight hours per week. Allowance is made, however, for a forty-nine and a half hour week if a weekly half-holiday is given. Overtime of not more than seventy-eight hours per year is allowed, but the industrial commissioner must be notified of such overtime. Night work also is forbidden for women in stores or factories. The Consumers' League of New York says that the new law is a step forward. It accepts the idea for some provision for overtime. But it points out that "the better way to provide for overtime is to permit it during a limited number of weeks in the calendar year not to exceed fifty-four hours in any one week rather than to permit the same number of hours distributed throughout the year. The distribution of these hours throughout the year makes possible a regular working week of fifty-one hours, thus greatly modifying the beneficial effects of the forty-eight hour week as a general principle.

THE ONE APPEAL IS TO PUBLIC OPINION

A spirited reply to recent charges against the Federal Council of the Churches in connection with its activities in social and international questions has been made by the Administrative Committee of the Council. The statement, which was issued by Rev. John A. Marquis, General Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of National Missions and Chairman of the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches, strongly insists on the right and the duty of the churches to hold up all public questions to the light of Christian ideals. Dr. Marquis explained that the statement had special reference to the resolution introduced into the House of Representatives by Congressman Free in the closing days of the last session. The statement declares that the Federal Council of the Churches "maintains no lobby of any kind" and that its one appeal is to "public opinion." It insists that "It cannot be too strongly emphasized that, in these and all other questions of public welfare, the Federal Council of the Churches seeks to discover the high common mind of the constituent denominations and then to speak and act in their behalf. This is what the Council has done in the past. This is what the denominations expect it to continue to do in the future. Its course will in no way be modified by the unjustifiable attacks of the forces which would, if they could, stifle the voice of the Churches and weaken their influence in the life of the nation."

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"THE FATHER OF MODERN SURGERY"

King George V in speaking recently at Buckingham Palace to the medical delegates from all parts of the civilized world who were attending the Lister Centenary celebrations said that "Lister removed the horror of sepsis from surgical operations, and for this he is rightly described at the father of modern surgery." It is not the easiest matter for the lay mind to transport itself in imagination to the time when Joseph Lister began his investigations into the nature of fermentations and their relation to wounds, surgical and other. The pain of operations had been diminished and extinguished by the discovery and use of anæsthetics. But the subsequent dangers due to the morbid conditions of the necessary wounds had not been overcome because the profession had not yet discovered the cause of septic inflammation. Basing his investigations on the work of Pasteur, Lister came to see the possibility of the putrefaction of wounds being due to the action and rapid growth of micro-organisms, the nature of which the French scientist was expounding. Lister was convinced of the truth of Pasteur's "germ theory" and proceeded to work upon it experimentally with astonishing results. Though regarded with doubt and suspicion by the profession in the earlier days, Lister persevered. Patient, industrious, accurate in observation and deduction, with a fruitful imagination and fearless courage, he was enabled to make his position sure. From Glasgow he went to Edinburgh and thence to King's College, London. His teaching won growing acceptance till years before his retirement from active surgery at 65, the world had been converted, and a new doctrine in surgery had been born. And as Sir John Bland-Sutton suggested at the Glasgow celebration, "this is not the end:" the spirit of Lister points onward to yet further achievements of the healing art.

—*The Friend* (London).

CHARITY FEDERATION FORMED IN NEW YORK

The Protestant charities aid association has been formed in New York to strengthen and coordinate the efforts of various Protestant charitable agencies in that city. Several well known men, including George W. Wickersham and Bird S. Coler, are among the incorporators and directors. Its purpose will be both to collect and disburse funds. This organization will make it possible to make a gift or bequest for Protestant charities without naming the particular agencies through which the actual expenditure is to be made. The purposes, as stated, are: "To aid, support, advise and cooperate with charitable, benevolent, correctional or educational corporations, associations or other agencies now or hereafter existing, primarily conducted for the benefit of persons of the Protestant Evangelical Christian faith in the city of New York, and to bring about a better coordination of their work and the avoidance and elimination of duplication of effort; to solicit, collect and receive moneys from public authority or private agencies of the character above mentioned or for its own direct corporate objects, to apportion and distribute the same according to the requirements of public authority or in conformity with the wishes of the donors."

THE AMERICAN FRIEND

AUTHORIZED BY THE FIVE YEARS MEETING OF FRIENDS IN AMERICA

WALTER C. WOODWARD, Editor

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Shall We Lose Our Homes?

WHEN financial reverses come upon a family what is the last word that may be said to signify the depth of their misfortune? It is this: *"They have lost their home."* Other possessions may steal away stealthily on the wings of adversity but so long as the home remains, there is a citadel of refuge and recuperation; a haven in which to rally one's resources and from which to go forth to renewed effort. But when the home is gone, *all* seems lost.

What then if a whole nation or people should lose their homes? It is a startling thought. Yet it has been prophesied that the home, as the institution we now know it, will have disappeared by the time a half century has passed. But there is a thought much more distressing than that of an institutional change, however revolutionary, in our manner of living; the thought that in the deeper sense, multitudes of families have already lost their homes, and others are losing them. The physical basis may remain intact, either of humble or palatial proportions, but it is only a shell, bereft of the intangible spirit and the holy associations, without which the term home is a mockery.

And this distressing thought is not in the uncertain field of human prophecy but in the field of present fact. Some time ago, we are told, a dozen eminent speakers, representing various creeds and parties, met to discuss the question, "What is the matter with America?" The meeting was held under the auspices of a political club and it might easily be presumed that the diagnosis would have located the ailment in the political or economic realm. The one point, however, on which all the speakers seemed agreed, was that the chief trouble in American life today arises from what was called, "the break-down of the American home."

At this season of the year we are impressed with a glaring discrepancy that puzzles us. In recognition of Mother's Day, there is an outpouring of eloquent tribute to motherhood. The day, as is the case with all our hallowed days, is pretty largely commercialized, but deep down behind the greeting cards, the flowers and the rhetorical expression, there is the substance of loving appreciation and sacred devotion. In each case these are felt first, of course, for the individual mother, who is the symbol, however, for all that motherhood stands for. The thought of motherhood cannot be dissociated from the home. In our present thinking, at least, they are one and inseparable. How is it then that we may exalt the one while showing no greater concern over the threatened break-down of the other?

There are many beautiful ways in which we may lay our garlands at the shrine of motherhood. We can imagine no better way than to strive to realize in our own homes the finer qualities of love and fellowship and service for which true motherhood is forever associated. We may best honor our mothers by building into our home life the Christian realities of faith and devotion, of mutual respect and consideration, and of love that stops not at sacrifice. To strengthen the home is to magnify the influence of motherhood.

It will refresh our hurried spirits to turn again to that idyllic picture of home life given us by Whittier in "Snow-Bound;" or to follow the moulding influence of a beautiful but simple home portrayed in Rufus Jones' story of his boyhood days, "Finding the Trail of Life." Times have indeed changed, and we cannot, even if we would, reproduce the homes of a century or of a half century ago. How nakedly poor we will become, however, if with the rapid changes wrought by the progressive years, we lose the rugged strength, the spiritual enrichment which characterized such homes!

A few years ago, while living in China, our friend Edith Stratton Platt wrote impressively of the home and its place, upon the background of her oriental experience which had "burnt in" upon her certain great fundamentals. As a test of whether or not we are losing our homes, we may well follow in part the delineation of her ideal.

"Marriage as commonly practiced in the East seems to me degrading to both men and women; as realized in the West, casual and flippant. I am speaking only in general terms. It is of our own privileged religious groups at home that I am thinking, where, if anywhere on this earth, marriage should find its highest expression. The best safeguards in the marriage regulations of the Christian Church always have aimed toward this great objective —to make marriage a holy sacrament of two utterly united souls. To this end people were urged, or rather pressed, to marry those in whose hearts the same deep convictions about the fundamental things of the spirit burned. Surely no 'marriage of true minds' or souls can be built upon any other foundation but unity of life and purpose. Variety of opinion is enriching and interesting—the fascinating play upon one another of two differing personalities and the intellectual and spiritual adventures into new realms of thought and life as love leads. But underneath the charm of varied backgrounds and experiences there must be surely one mind and one heart. And into this great unity of soul, many couples grow whose original decision for one another was not consciously made in the presence of God. It is in his power to bind together, even after initial blunderings, those who will lay their lives alongside his own.

"One of the strongest contributions to the Christian social order that the best Christian influence has made in the past is this unit of the home, familiarly happy and permanent and pure. It is impossible to say how much the Christian influence, exerted in the general social issues of society, had its origin back there in those beautiful homes that were builded by folk who had not known the vocabulary of the new social order. I never saw this so clearly as now when I stand face to face with eager, puzzled youth who have never in all their lives known love in a home. How explain God? How explain Love?

"The old home life was not an automat nor yet a dormitory. It was a home—simple, dignified, settled, centripetal. Its central life was fed from hidden springs, and once a day, or twice, the family gathered about the hearth to hear again the beautiful old words from the King James Bible and to wait in silence before the God of Heaven. It is my deep conviction that no home can realize its spiritual destiny that does not have worship as the central and binding act of its life.

"The old-fashioned home was by no means perfect, but as we think of our homes today, we wonder whether we have really made any advance. Are the homes of this generation realizing a deeper fellowship between husband and wife, a more democratic comradeship between parents and children, as well as a more sensitive outreach to the ever increasing circle of those who serve our needs directly and indirectly? The family, Rauschenbusch says, is the most Christian section of our social order, and yet how far short most of our homes come from demonstrating the convincing and supreme power of love!

"We are learning more and more to think in terms of society, of internationalism and socialism and world federation. In this necessary outreach of life it would be a fatal step to neglect the home where the great love is learned that can put power into the organisms of the world; where the stones of the city of God are carved; where the miracle of perfect unity and communion of life is realized."

Are we not stirred by this plea for holier homes with God at the center of them? Despite many appearances to the contrary, appreciation of old values has not vanished. It is related that Frieda Hempel, who has been characterized as the modern Jenny Lind, concluded the program of a big concert some time ago, after having responded to repeated encores, with "Home Sweet Home." "As the accompanist struck the opening familiar bars," we are told, "a wave of spontaneous applause burst from the audience," marking the climax of a great ovation. And, singularly enough, within the hour in which these words are being written, we followed down the street a little school boy playing the familiar air on his mouth organ. Deeply imbedded in the human heart is the sacred sentiment of home. What we need to do is to Christianize that sentiment more thoroughly and build it into the framework of our complex life of today. "Ours is the task," says Henry T. Hodgkin in his book, "The Christian Revolution," "of building up little islands where humble service is rendered in the spirit of Christ, where the personality of each is really sacred, where we dare to risk all in order to bring love into every relationship. Every home where the true family spirit rules is such an island."

Songs in the Night

BY ROSCOE E. TRUEBLOOD

"But none saith, where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night." Job 35:10.

THE writer of the book of Job cerncerned himself with the problem of human suffering. He was familiar with some of the severer tests which human beings must pass. He realized that the experience of life is analogous to that of the traveller who rides the length of our country, sometimes finding himself on very high ground where he can view his surroundings from above, sometimes gliding smoothly along a desert stretch with nothing to mar the evenness of his journey, and sometimes sinking into the lowlands where his vision is narrowed and progress is difficult. The writer knew that the remarkable feature of any life is the power to remain serene throughout the trials of the lowlands, to be confident regardless of ominous signs on all sides. This conviction was put into the mouth of Elihu, one of the characters who played a prominent part in the dialogue, and in discussing those who suffer greatly, he declared that the sufferers had not chosen the wisest course in trying to alleviate their sorrows. They had not sought their "Maker who giveth songs in the night."

How often in the lives of little children come times of fear and dread because they must be left to themselves in the darkness! In the child mind may flash uncanny pictures, scenes of terrible significance to him; the awful possibility of what the impenetrable curtain of darkness may hold in store. The night is black and long and the child is all alone. Filled with a nameless terror he instinctively cries to his mother, who is ever near and watchful, and hastens to come at his call. A few soothing words—and how sweet they are to the little sufferer; perhaps a softly breathed lullaby, the tender touch of a sympathetic, cooling hand as it caresses hot cheeks and brow—and the fears scatter as clouds before a gale. No more is the darkness awful; from an impenetrable curtain of fearsome suggestiveness it is transformed into a great encircling blanket, covering and protecting the little sleeper from a world without and from the exertions of another day. Gone from his mind are the fancied scenes of horror, for mother's touch dispels all thoughts of danger; and in their stead are snatches of a lullaby which she has breathed in his ear. And so, reassured and comforted, the little child, crooning softly to himself, falls asleep. He has been given "songs in the night;" his little life has been turned to singing, his happiness made complete.

"Where is my maker who giveth me songs in the night?" With these words the writer of Job is commending the power and disposition of God to the suffering soul; he is declaring that God ever giveth songs in the night to those who seek him. What greater miracle can be achieved, than that of a bruised and frightened soul suddenly bursting forth into song? What mightier power is alive in the universe than that which can alter or check the course of the tide of grief in a human heart? When Jesus, wielding the power of God, subdued the very elements, the people were amazed and cried out, "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and sea obey him?" But greater still, more astounding by far, is that power of God which quells the inner tempests of our lives, and gives us peace.

I. What kind of a God can he be who gives these songs in the night? Men wondered what manner of man it was who could command even the wind and sea, but what manner of *God* is he who holds the world in his hand, who controls the mighty ocean and the timid, fluttering birds of the air, at once: who cares so much for his people on earth that he will stoop to give them songs in the night? What manner of God is he who can arouse such intense devotion, such a depth of awe and reverence, such a profound love and trust, in the hearts of men?

The men who have the love and esteem of great masses of people have been those who loved the people first; who were gentle and merciful in disposition, and who were supremely concerned with the welfare of humanity. While there may be exceptions drawn from a mediocre class, there are no exceptions to be found among the truly great and noble men who were revered by whole nations, and loved for what they were, regardless of nationality or creed. Rufus M. Jones, who recently returned from the Orient, says that Mahatma Gandhi is the most loved man that has ever lived on earth with the exceptions of Jesus of Nazareth, Buddha, and possibly St. Francis of Assisi. He went on to say that Gandhi is possessed with a fairly consuming love for his fellowmen. He is passionately devoted to the cause of winning them to the way of love in life. St. Francis in his great-heartedness and mercy, regarded all life as a brotherhood. He would not give pain to the tiniest insect. Buddha's intense devotion to his people won the love of thousands of them, in return.

The world's supreme example of love begetting love, comes to us from the life of Jesus. Great hosts flocked to hear him. He was loved alike by the rich man and the harlot. He lived and taught the law of mercy and forgiveness. We may judge how compassionate he was by reading one or many of the accounts of his contact with those who were afflicted or in need. "Behold the fowls of the air," he said, "for they sow not neither do they gather into barns, yet your heavenly father feedeth them. Are you not much better than they?"

These are the finest and greatest that this world has produced. But we believe that as surely as water cannot rise above its source, man cannot be better than God who is more intensely and universally loved than any man has ever been. Here, then, is the secret of the God who comforts us, in whom we trust implicitly, and whom we love so much. Love begets love and he loves us. He is infinitely merciful and good. And this testimony of his goodness comes down to us through the centuries from Job, as an echo of the conviction in our own souls. Is it not wonderful to know that the God upon whom we rely for our support is the same who cares for the most insignificant of plants and the weakest of animal forms? It lends new vigor to our faith; it makes us understand as we have not formerly been able to do, the words of the Psalmist? "For the mercy of Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him—Thy lovingkindness is great unto the heavens."

II. It is significant that Elihu says, "*But none saith,* where is God?" The trouble is that they do *not* say it. His mercy is wholly dependent upon us who benefit by it, and before we can receive the balm of his comfort upon our wounds we must ask for his aid; we must believe that he indeed gives rest to the weary. I once knew a dear old man, esteemed by people all about him for his good will to them. His life, one of unselfish devotion to the members of his family, had won their love to a degree unusual even for that of a father. And when lying ill in his bed, and realizing that it was likely to be his last sickness, though hampered by labored breathing and physical pain, he sang the chorus of a hymn which had apparently taken on a new meaning for him in his hour of trial.

"The cross is not greater than his grace,
The storm cannot hide his blessed face,
I am satisfied to know that with Jesus
here below
I can conquer every foe."

In a great crisis of his life he was comforted by the assurance which gave rise to the words of this poem; he was given a song in the night. Jesus, speaking to men everywhere who felt the burden of their sins, said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." What more potent message is there in all the teaching of the man of Nazareth, what greater testimony is there to be found coming out of the experience of men, than that of the mercy and comforting power of God? "There's a wideness in his mercy, like the wideness of the sea." George Fox in The Vale of Beaver exclaimed, "I saw that there was an ocean of darkness and death but an ocean of light and love flowed over the ocean of darkness." It was for him, a song in the night. Again there comes the evidence from the poet who gave us the words, "In the secret of thy presence, How my soul delights to hide. O what precious precious lessons have I learned at Jesus' side."

These songs in the night come to us when we will have them. And we do well to call for them, because in doing so, we obtain rest for our minds, relief for our consciences, and peace for our souls. Nothing is ever accomplished by worry, or by brooding over the past. It is when we have not done our best that we most often give way to fear about any enterprise we have undertaken. Who is the man from whom we learn the most, with whom we want to be, and on whom we most often pin our faith? He is the man who is not fretting over petty cares, who is not often enshrouded by the darkness of despondency or doubt, and who knows God, his Maker, who gives him songs in his darkest hours.

The simple mind of the little child alone in a room, is overawed by the mystery of the darkness. And if the home is as all homes should be, the mother will be near at hand ready to cheer her little one in his trial. But we who are older are only children after all, children to whom the blackness of uncertainty, great affliction, and the realization of our own failures, is just as terrorizing as the darkness is to the child. Our frightened souls instinctively cry out to their Maker for songs in the night.

When George Matheson was but a young man, full of ambitions, hopes, and the joy of living, he was suddenly stricken with blindness. To add to the crushing weight of his grief, his sweetheart failed him in his hour of greatest need. And in his poem, "Oh Love That Wilt not Let Me Go," he gave utterance to a song in the blackest of nights.

"Oh Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

Oh Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

Oh cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be."

Fall River, Mass.

Easter Morning 1927

The Easter sunrise glows for me once more—
My Easters number now fourscore and four;
Arise, my soul, sing songs of gratitude
To the All-gracious Giver of all good!
Days, years misspent behind me seem to say,
Thou hast no song; joy one time fled away;
Tears fall; the Christ speaks: "Child today, I live;
Yea more, I live to love, lift and forgive."
Friends, patient, thoughtful, who have waited long,
Blend voices with mine in Redemption's song;
O, condescending, living, unseen Friend,
We feel the touch of love which cannot end!
Society of Friends! What sweeter name
Can singing pilgrims at our sunrise claim!

North Berwick, Maine. SAMUEL BUFFUM.

The Spirit of Motherhood

BY ELLISON R. PURDY

"Thy Mother Eunice." I Tim. 1:15.

A MOTHER and a mother's mother are here brought to memory to make vivid an appeal. The message, the mission, friendship, motherhood, are influences marshalled by Paul when he urges Timothy to make good—to guard the sacred trust committed to him. This also is the mission of Mother's Day.

Do we idealize motherhood? If so, we but associate it with the things we prize most highly; our friends, our church, our country, all come by some spiritual process to mean more to us than so many people. If mothers as well as others are frail and fallible, the greater the wonder of Mother's Day.

Even though some mothers have failed, their failure has not turned the current of influence. There are eddies here and there, but, thank God! the tide of motherhood sets toward goodness.

Mother was not a philosopher, but the truest philosophy of life is inspired by her. She was gentle and often timid, but she challenges us to unfailing heroism. She was not astute nor worldly-wise, but today the spirit of motherhood calls upon us to devote the highest intelligence and keenest acumen to the service of things that ought to be.

The press did not feature mother. She hardly knew the word popular, and the spirit of motherhood does not tempt to the worship of success or the conscienceless passion to win.

If I were asked why I loved my mother, I could only adapt the words of one about his friend: "Because she was she, because I was I."

We need to feel the influence of a brooding spirit sensitive to evil in us; flinching as if wounded from anything dishonorable; exulting in childish glee over our slightest success; gently, persistently comforting, quieting us; nourishing always the best in us. Because mother was mother, this is the spirit of motherhood.

We need a consciousness of dedication, need to feel that our lives are a sacred trust. Mother dedicated us, perhaps not to a specific mission, but to that quality of living that lifts common tasks to a high plane, perhaps not formally but with a dedication implied in the very fact that she was she.

"I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be—else sinning greatly,
A dedicated spirit."

We need to feel the influence of one who believes in us, one who is confident that we will make good. Our friends are ready to shout when we have arrived, but mother, because she is she, shouts —quietly perhaps, but confidently—while our Jericho walls are still standing, that we may go up, "every man straight before him," and take the city.

A letter came from over the seas to the New York post office addressed to "My Son." Soon there appeared a homesick boy who inquired for a letter from "My Mother." The two belonged together. May each one of us find in life's great spiritual Post Office a message for My Son, My Daughter. A message that shall make us truer, purer, kinder, stronger, more hopeful and more helpful.

Let us write the letter, send the flowers, linger a while with sweetly solemn memories and feel again the Spirit of Motherhood.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

My Mother

BY H. C. FELLOW

DOWN the vista of the years we gaze with tear-dimmed eyes, striving to gain one last glimpse of her sacred picture that hangs in memory's corridor in a coronal of forget-me-nots that we wove when a lad, on the banks of the rippling brooklet that flowed swiftly away through the old sugar camp.

Yes, forget-me-nots, tear-stained by her own tears and plucked by her old scarred hands that rocked us to sleep in that old sugar trough in the golden glow of the great woodfire that roared its sweet lullaby songs of the night-time.

Dear hands! that, briar-bruised and bleeding, many a time tucked us in for slumber with a simple prayer to a loving Heavenly Father to protect us from harm till the morntide.

How oft we remember her in her accustomed place at meeting in silent worship, with her head bowed low, her eyes closed, tears coursing down her care-worn cheeks, body trembling with emotion, a saintly smile upon her face and a halo celestial, seemingly a coronal above her sacred head. No word was said, no song was sung, no anthem from a choir loft, no thundering pipe-organ pealed forth celestial melodies.

Just a mother's silent prayer for a wayward boy spoken in tones louder than they all to us, and we understood the echo of the silence in our soul. The recording angel made a record in words of living light on the books above of what she said to Him about her boy.

From the dynamo of heaven her boy received the message of a mother love that has never ceased to glow in the innermost shrine, where angels dare not tread, where only mother's spirit and his hold sweet communion as he walks down the western slope of a well worn life of service.

How oft her boy looks backward across the tear-wet, blood-stained sands that he has trod for man's well nigh allotted span and remembers her loving kiss and warm embrace.

Upon the sacred mother's day set apart to commemorate her greatness and goodness, let us gird up our shattered barque of broken resolves and launch out farther on the deep where greater blessings await our sailing.

Wichita, Kansas.

Wanted: Spiritual "Starters"

BY MAY M. JONES

Illustrative Incident.

Place: Randolph Street Elevated Station, Chicago.

Time: 5:30 P. M. any day.

Characters: Inexperienced Traveller, crowds of shoppers, workers in offices, clerks, et al, and "starters"—men in uniform whose duty it is to see that each one gets on the proper train.

Inexperienced Traveller: (addressing Starter) "I wish to go to University Avenue and 63rd Street. Which train do I take?"

Starter: "Jackson Park, lady."

(Five minutes later).

Inex. Trav.: (addressing starter again to make sure) "Does this train stop at University Avenue?"

Starter: "Yes, lady. Step lively, please."

And thanks to the "starters," placed just there to give expert advice, the inexperienced traveller, together with every one of the various individuals making up the crowds on the platform are directed in such a way that each gets aboard the train that will carry him to his desired destination.

And if you have ever been a stranger in Chicago trying to make your way from the suburbs to places of interest in the "Loop" and home again, you will be ready to exclaim with me, "Blessed be Starters!"

But in the next breath I am exclaiming "Wanted: Spiritual Starters!" For in the

twinkling of an eye I have been transported on the magic rug of my imagination to my beloved adopted country, Cuba, the beautiful "Pearl of the Antilles," where I see the serious-minded elements of her people forming into groups and pressing anxiously forward, some in one direction and some in another, each with the hope of finding some means by which to arrive at a state of national prosperity and happiness. One group is seeking better conditions for the children of the nation; and to solve the problem of juvenile delinquency; another has recognized the ravages of alcoholism and is seeking to combat it; another is working for better opportunities for women; and to relieve the situation of women prisoners; another to combat the dreaded tuberculosis; venereal diseases, prostitution, and other vices; perhaps the largest group of all, is seeking a purer religion and better moral ideals. But leaders are few and the mass of the people have just emerged from centuries of illiteracy, superstition and spiritual apathy.

"Wanted: Spiritual Starters," who will be able to give guidance and inspiration to each group that without delay or disappointment they may arrive at the desired destination. For example, "Better Baby Contests" have been organized all over the island, but the mothers and babies enrolled are being exploited by the liquor manufacturers, through a campaign insisting that beer is better than milk for nursing mothers and their babies. A campaign initiated by the government to reduce prostitution resulted in the deportation of several foreign "souteners," but the problem remains largely unsolved. Although tuberculosis is spreading by leaps and bounds, there is only one clinic and one Sanatorium for its victims on the whole island. There are no Juvenile courts and only a few day nurseries.

A group of socially-minded persons are pleading for better housing for those who are not rich. There is no great middle class living in comparative decency and comfort. The majority of the people are still huddled, one, or at most two rooms to a family, in the unspeakable tenements which were the living-quarters for the poor under the Spanish regime. "Wanted: Spiritual Starters" to bring to the solution of these problems of social well-being the best that has been worked out in other countries, with the spirit of Jesus to undergird it.

Then there is the economic situation, with its inevitable results as to international goodwill. The economic situation in Cuba is such that things are "set" for a tremendous upheaval unless influences are set in motion quickly to modify present attitudes and policies. The Island is practically a one-crop country, sugar being that one, with some tobacco. Of the land devoted to the cultivation of sugar-cane, a total of 102,305 caballerias is owned, or in some instances managed, by foreigners, as opposed to only 69,803 caballerias owned by Cubans. All the banking is in the hands of foreigners. Much of the business that was in the hands of Spaniards before the war has remained there. In addition, the new lines of business introduced since the war are in the hands of Americans, English or Canadians, such as building materials, and machinery, American foodstuffs, and ready-made clothing, implements, coal, etc. The 2500 miles of railroads are owned and managed by foreigners, as are practically all the steamship lines which take care of travel and foreign trade, as well as even the docks and practically all other public utilities. The positions of importance are occupied by foreigners, who are given the preference. In addition, as so large a part of production in confined to sugar, a large part of the necessities of life, as well as the luxuries, which could otherwise be produced on the Island, must be imported in large quantities. The crux of the whole matter, in the case both of exportations and of importations, is that there is a *constant egress of money from the country*. In a meeting held in Havana recently to protest against this situation, a Cuban patriot and educator, Sr. Lisandro Otero, exclaimed in a voice full of emotion: "They first took our lands, now they are carrying away our money."

Further, the example of English-speaking tourists, with their gambling, drinking, horse-racing, etc., is lowering the moral standards of the Cuban youth. These representatives of supposedly Protestant Christian nations are seen only as merciless exploiters or dissipated pleasure-seekers. Americans are frequently referred to in Cuban papers as "Mr. Rum Yankee." Very few even of the English-speaking residents engaged in business learn the language or mingle with the Cuban people more than is absolutely necessary, and suffer, almost without exception, from the "Nordic superiority complex."

What wonder if the initial feeling of gratitude on the part of a kindly people is fast changing, first to that of astonishment, then to that of suspicion and resentment, when they find themselves groaning under a foreign domination as galling as that of Spain, with whom at least they had a common culture and a common language. Cuba finds herself in the hollow of a wave of severe economic depression, and is fast becoming conscious of this ruthless process, and is forming a conviction as to who is to blame for it: first the foreigner, and second, herself, for submitting to his exploitations. The contracts for the building of the new Cuban highway, or paved road suitable for trucks and automobiles, has been signed, and work begun. Shall the areas in the interior which will by this highway be opened up for cultivation be saved for the people of Cuba to whom they belong, or will these in turn also pass into the hands of foreigners for exploitation?

The members of the evangelical churches, individually and collectively, form a considerable group with large possibilities for moral and social betterment, especially the numbers of intelligent Cuban young people graduating yearly from the mission schools. These groups need education and inspiration that they may be able, first, to define for themselves a definite Christian social message, and, second, to make it effective in the community and national life. Then there are also large groups of serious-minded young people and adults of the educated classes, born into the Catholic church, and not yet organically separated from it, both men and women, who are tired of spiritual emptiness and formality and hypocrisy and have asserted their right to live religion according to their own best judgment, and pay little attention except in a conventional way, to the Catholic church as an organization. They are anxious to be and do right, and to do good, and do not wish to forsake God nor to become irreligious. "Wanted: spiritual starters," to guide these hesitating feet into paths of Christian service and to enlist these youthful energies in the Christian solution of national problems.

There are plenty who are ready to exploit and to lead astray the Cuban people, as we have seen, but too few, even of those who profess to love the Master, have been ready to reach out a helping hand. Few who are interested in promoting international peace and goodwill seem to realize the importance of our sister republic, which, on account of her geographical situation, near the Panama Canal and between North and South America,—and her extensive commercial operations, is important as a power all out of proportion to her size. Only two Latin American countries have a larger trade with U. S. than Cuba, viz. Argentine and Brazil, and only one other, Mexico, anywhere approaches her. She might well be called the *spiritual key to Latin America,* since the other republics watch closely the treatment given Cuba by the United States. As such she may be treated in such a kindly, just and generous manner as to open the door to Latin America, that the light and truth and goodwill may enter.

The Committee on Cooperation in Latin America has made a brave effort to contribute to the solution of these problems by providing support for a national center of Christian influence on an interdenominational basis in Havana. The Union Bookstore supplies books and other materials for the native churches, Sunday Schools, Young Peoples Societies, and mission day schools; the interdenominational religious paper *El Heraldo Cristiano,* supplies good reading for the church and the home; Religious Education and Vacation Bible Schools are promoted; temperance work is done; a Summer Institute for Christian Workers has been built up; a Union Church has been organized for the English-speaking colony of Havana; many contacts have been made with individuals and organizations among the educated.

Friends have done their bit by the allocation of two Friends (Sylvester and May Jones) to do what service lies in their power in this center. Friends are peculiarly adapted for such a service because of their background and their history and their stand for peace and international goodwill.

SEVERE TESTING DAYS FOR THE SIMKINS

How Difficult Decision Is Made By Our Representatives in West China

Under date of February 16, 1927, Margaret T. Simkin wrote the following from Chengtu:

"For a short period following the recent exodus of foreigners and missionaries from Chengtu we settled down for a bit, or tried to, but telegrams and letters kept coming in, bringing more and more pressure to bear on those of us who were left. As a consequence of these, a number of families began a hasty packing and they, too, have started off down the river this past week. Today there are only five Canadian men left in Chengtu, three of whom are on the campus, and sixteen Americans including Dorothy, twelve of whom are living here at the University. There are no English now in Chengtu. All the English Friends have left their stations with the possible exception of Alfred Davidson who may still be in Chungking. Dorothy is the only foreign child in town. Normally there are enough foreign children in the province for the Canadians to run a fair sized boarding school.

"What does it all mean? It is less than six weeks since it was first reported to us that the Chinese had seized the British concession at Hankow. In some respects it seems as if months had elapsed since that day. We can get no satisfactory news of what is happening down river; we simply know that people believe the situation to be exceedingly critical and fraught with danger.

"A week ago Sunday was one of the darkest days I ever spent. It was black to many of us. Telegram after telegram had come in urging us to leave at once. I should say at this point that Robert has not wavered for a moment. He feels that it is his duty to stay by the Chinese and help as long as it is at all possible. But what should I do? There was little Dorothy's life for which I was responsible. The trip to Shanghai was a gloomy prospect, with crowded refugee conditions of travel, running the gauntlet between opposing armies, having a naval escort and arriving in Shanghai to face nobody knew what conditions, to say nothing of the usual dangers from the rapids of the upper river and the possibility of encountering robbers. Yet I felt that if Dorothy and I remained here we should be imperiling Robert's life for we should certainly be a handicap to him if he had to flee. On the other hand, it seemed to me as if I could not go away and leave him here with the likelihood of being cut off from all communication with him. We asked for guidance and help; we tried to think the problem through carefully together.

"That night I went to bed with a struggle going on in my mind and heart. The next morning I woke up with the conflict gone. I felt that I was ready to follow either course; I was willing to go or I was willing to stay and the thing that really mattered was God's will for us. As the day wore on it became more and more clear to both of us, and we arrived at our decisions independently, that it was right for Dorothy and me to stay on. Personally, I discovered that I was ashamed to tell our Chinese friends that I was thinking of running away. Moreover, neither of us liked the thought of going down river with a naval escort. At the same time that I say this I want it clearly understood that I do not mean in any way to pronounce judgment upon those who find themselves forced to accept armed protection. The issue is too involved in this case to label arbitrarily one course right and another wrong. But we do feel that for us this is an opportunity as a united family to bear our little testimony against armed force.

"So here we are. At odd moments I am packing some of our smaller possessions into trunks which we may be able to hide somewhere in the city out of the way of looters. I am also arranging a few loads of necessities (in split bamboo boxes to be hung from carrying poles) to be taken with us in case the family has to run. How much we shall be able to take with us depends upon how many men are willing to carry for us and how long a time we have in which to make our escape. Perhaps all this preparation will be proven unnecessary. We hope so, but it seems wise to provide for emergencies. The country people are very friendly. People on the street generally are courteous. The soldiers who always have been inclined to be rude are perhaps more free with their curses than formerly and with extravagant threats to cut off our heads, etc. Chinese friends and acquaintances take particular pains these days to come to see us. You can plainly see that we are in no difficulty so far."

Religion is essentially a matter of finding a deeper meaning in duty, a deeper and more prophetic significance in our values; and it is not by sitting still and regarding them in idle contemplation, or by bringing to bear upon them a greater logical acumen than we had previously done, that we shall become more firmly persuaded of this meaning and significance, but by doing and living them.

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WHEN THE CURTAIN WAS MOVED BACK

Touching Case Recited By A. F. S. C. Writer Who Asks White Readers Leading Question

Sometime ago, the papers gave an account of a most brutal lynching that took place at Aiken, South Carolina. It seems that Mr. Loman, his daughter, a son, Demon, and a nephew, Clarence, were accused of having killed the Sheriff of the County. In the last trial the white jury brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty," for the first of the defendants. That night a mob visited the jail and took the daughter and the two young men and lynched them. The father, Sam Loman, is now living in Philadelphia. In an interview which he gave the *Philadelphia Tribune,* he told about that harrowing experience and how he himself had spent eight months in prison and seventeen months on the chain gang. He stated, however, that he had not lost faith in God. He said that the morning the mob entered the jail in which he and his daughter and his nephew and his son were confined, he temporarily lost faith in God. He doubted the existence of a God supreme; a God omnipotent. His numbed mental faculties could not conceive a God who would permit such a travesty.

"But sir," he brightened as he said it, "I didn't stay that way long. No siree. I reckon I couldn't stood it all if I hadn't believed in God. I caught hold of the spirit and while being in the spirit a curtain was moved back and the condition of the people in this world shown me. And, oh, dear friend, how terrible it was! I will not take time to explain it to you, but sorrow struck my heart and it seems to me that if people could just see these conditions they would turn from their wicked ways as you would turn when you meet a rattlesnake."

What would the white people see if they were "caught hold of the spirit, and while being in the spirit the curtain was moved back?" Could we suffer as he has suffered and still believe in God? Not one of the lynchers has been brought to trial. It seems now as if nothing will be done by the officials of South Carolina to erase this blot from their State. Mr. Loman has come to live with his son in Philadelphia and has not even seen his farm since the morning when he was arrested and taken to the county jail. He still believes in God.

May God give us all the opportunity to have the curtain rolled back before our eyes that we may see more clearly what ought to be done and what we ought to do.

POETRY AND RELIGION

As to the relation of poetry to religion. True religion, the conviction and habit of a personal communion between the soul and God, is of too unique and jealous a temper to allow of any artistic predominance: and yet we find the best expression of it in

poetry: indeed the poetic expression of the spiritual life is of such force that its beauty may hold the mind in slavery to false ideals.

I believe it to be greatly due to this that the English people are still mentally enslaved to a conception of God altogether unworthy and incompatible with our better notions: and, if it is the old Hebrew poetry which is greatly responsible for this delusion, then it seems reasonable to look to our own poets for our release.

On this general question of religion I shall take only that one point. We have spiritually outgrown the theology of the Reformation, and our churches, in endeavoring to make their obsolete ideals work, find their most effective agent in the beauty of our English translation of the Old Testament which, while secular art was in decay, captured the artistic susceptibility of the people.

—ROBERT BRIDGES.

MAPLE RUN MEETING ORGANIZED

The Friends of the Maple Run meeting, near Marion, Indiana, are assuming the responsibility of furthering the Kingdom of Jesus Christ in quite a commendable manner. Recently they asked the Marion Quarterly Meeting for a Monthly Meeting. The same was granted and set up last January with Ada Newsom as clerk. Practically all of the departments of the Five Years Meeting are now represented by the committees appointed in the Monthly Meeting.

The Bible School, under the leadership of Noah Buraker, is developing its interest in the united interest of the church at large. The missionary stations of the Five Years Meeting are being studied in a Bible School contest between the males and the females of the community. Points are awarded on faithfulness, and knowledge of the church activities.

In a recent W. C. T. U. meeting, presided over by Vada Shields, Friends gave selections from the Bible in a contest. Nora Said was the winner. All who spoke were members of Maple Run Meeting. Most of the members of the meeting are also members of the "Home Economics" club. This is an organization that is interdenominational and seeks to better the welfare of the community.

The young people have been very faithful to the church under the leadership of Chester Estes who is President of the C. E. Each Sunday evening they have charge of the opening part of the meeting. All remain for the so called preaching services.

THE AMERICAN FRIEND is finding its way into many new homes. As a result of the "Easter Pageant" given in it, Nora Said invited members of the meeting to assist her in "staging" it Sunday evening. This was done before a full house who showed its appreciation by giving a nice purse for the United Budget of the Five Years Meeting.

We become Christians not by renouncing the world but by serving it.

EDUCATION FOR PEACE IN GERMANY

On the Foundations of An Old Fort German Friends Build For Peace and Good Will

It is a matter of hope and encouragement that German Friends are feeling a deep concern about the education of their children, much as did the early Friends whose recognition of the importance of the right type of education is evidenced by their pioneer work in the establishment of schools and colleges wherever they have gone.

The Landegard School and Home, recently opened in a remodeled fort near Magdeburg, marks a very important step in German Quakerism—a beginning in definite education for peace. It is the first in Germany to be run under Quaker auspices. The school is for girls in their teens who come to learn the arts of house-wifery, cooking, sewing and gardening, a type of school which is very common in Germany. A unique feature of the Landegard School is its connection with a small home for delicate or undernourished children of the poor, so that the young students may realise that they are supporting a piece of social work while they are learning to garden, cook and sew. An earnest endeavor is being made to educate both pupils and children on broad religious, pacifist and international lines.

The chief promoter of this educational venture is Mrs. Elisabeth Loscher, one of the Executive Committee of the German Friends of Quakerism, and a leader in the Magdeburg group of the Women's League for Peace and Freedom. The Director of the School, who is also the Matron, is Gertrude Giles, one of the English Friends, who has already worked for several years in German relief, and is now turning her energies to the greater task of building for peace.

It has meant tremendous, unflagging courage and effort to bring about the transformation of Landegard Fort into Landegard School in the face of inflation, unemployment and poverty. But what a romantic situation for a Quaker school! Its military foundations were built by those who thought by such means to protect their land. If prospective mothers are educated in this school on Quaker principles they will form a surer protection for the Fatherland and civilization than ever a military guard could do. It deserves every encouragement from foreign Friends for what it has already done and for the far greater things which it is now preparing to do. Anna L. Curtis, 3 Riverview Terrace, New York City, who spent two or three years in Germany working under the auspices of the American Friends Service Committee, is very much interested in the Landegard School and will be glad to supply inquirers with additional information concerning its plans and purposes.

MY MOTHER

BY C. E. THOMPSON

When first I woke to conscious life,
In this old world, so strange and new;
To sight and sound and dangers rife,
Instinctively, I turned to you,
My mother.

Your face unlined by time and care,
More beautiful it seemed to me,
Than any wondrous picture fair,
In sculptured halls across the sea—
My mother.

Your touch had power to soothe my pain;
Your whispered word, to quell my fears;
Myself in sheltering arms again,
I see you through the haze of years,
My mother.

Your hand first taught my childish feet;
Your counsel safe through boyhood led;
While thought remains and pulses beat,
Your power to guide me is not dead,
My mother.

You are not here, you've gone away;
Your body sleeps the seasons through;
I watch and wait a wondrous day,
When I shall meet again with you,
My mother.

Westboro, Ohio.

WHEN LOVE HOLDS SWAY

A MEDITATION

Then said he unto the disciple, "Son there is your mother!" And from that hour the disciple took her to his home.—JOHN 2:27.

In all the world is there anything more tender than the affection of Jesus for his mother? Especially at these closing moments of his earthly life, his heart goes out to her who had lovingly trusted herself to his care since he had grown to manhood. She, who had loved him so tenderly in infancy, had watched him grow up under her protection and guidance, had pondered in her heart the profound statements that at times had fallen from his lips, had witnessed the fulfillment of prophecy until hope had become assurance that the God of Israel had indeed visited his people, was now face to face with stern reality as her first-born son was addressing her from that rugged cross on the hill of Calvary. He had been a good son. His best was not too good for her. He had reciprocated her love and responded faithfully to her trust. Now was he the victim of a tragedy, upon whom was being heaped the direst ignominy and shame. The condemnation of the Sanhedrin was upon him, because he had made himself equal with God and had presumed to abrogate the law of Moses. The Roman power was being used to remove him as being guilty of high treason. His friends were so helpless in this hour of severest trial. Could she but take his place and let him go free! She would gladly enter the valley of the shadow once again for his sake. But no, his life was

fast ebbing away and soon she would be bereft of him whom she loved most dearly. The heart strings were being drawn to the point of breaking. Love's power in depth and height was exceeding all previous experiences for her, as she felt his great yearning toward her, at this tragic hour.

The big heart of Jesus that had yearned over Jerusalem and was reaching out to all men everywhere, that he might be their deliverer and restore them to fellowship with his Father, found the greatest reaction from her who had first taught him to say "Our Father." He had tried through the years to give her the comforts of home and provide for her needs when the sunset of life would find her less able to share the activities of homemaking. He must transfer his responsibility now to the shoulders of another, if his soul would rest in peace. Human limitations are easily reached, but the privilege of sharing permits the continuance of helpfulness when others, for love's sake, take up the task. Who would do this better than his bosom friend, a man after his own heart, even now standing near to render any helpful service? Who would understand his dear mother and play the part of a son like one so gentle, so loving, so capable as his most trusted disciple? Turning to him, he uttered those matchless words, "Son, there is your mother!" What sublime tenderness is here! To share a mother's love and bestow the care of a dutiful son is the dawning of heavenly glory in the midst of sorrow's tears. Three hearts are blended in this transaction by consent of each. Relationships are formed, too deep for words, akin to those that prevail in the heavenly realm. Actions that seal the perfect confidence make real the faith which love inspires. "From that hour the disciple took her to his home."

In its action, love finds happiness, and its test is what one is willing to do for others. More just than justice is the heart of compassion that finds vent in service for love's sake. A friend was suffering extreme agony and human hands were helpless to bring relief, but a humble request from him provided an opportunity for doing a worthy task that would keep ever new a love for one who dared to be true. Fellowship through the years had been most sweet, and the thought of separation was now most disturbing, but love hastens to express itself in kindness to another for the sake of the beloved. John had learned to understand his Master and found joy in doing his will. He had shared his joy and sorrow with ever-deepening sympathy, and now felt most keenly the responsibility being transferred to his shoulders. He thought of his own mother who had given him life and guided his footsteps through childhood. Her love had been reciprocated until it was easy for him to appreciate the affection of a son for his mother. The hour of parting had come and the bereaved mother of his dearest friend must share his home, henceforth, till the close of life's short day, because he wished it. For Jesus' sake, he would act the part of a son toward her. This is kinship's peculiar opportunity. Special also is the pleasure. The inescapable factor of true friendship changes the chains that bind in physical kinship into ornaments of joy and beauty. Loving, personal ministry transforms the earthly tie into a spiritual relationship. The tender solicitude of Jesus for his sorrowing mother found a wholehearted response in this loyal disciple who would gladly share the comforts of his home with her now lovingly entrusted to his care.

But Jesus had said to them, I go to prepare a home for you that where I am ye may be also. Because he loved, he would provide, if love, "the master-key that opens every ward of the heart of man," is given right of way. It is love that asks, that knocks, that finds, and that is faithful to what it finds, that makes gloriously possible the fulfillment of his promises. "God gives us love," wrote Tennyson. "Something to love he lends us; but when love is grown to ripeness, that on which it throve falls off, and love is left alone." Mother has been lent to us, and love grows with the years, until the mortal form is laid away and memory treasures what the heart holds dear. The love, that held, now draws; purifying, energizing and preparing for the divine event when triumphantly we share the hallowed presence of him who will say to us, "Son there is your mother!" Gladly we share today our earthly things with those who serve in the capacity of mother and await with joy the richer fellowship, when physical limitations no longer bar, and the white flower has ceased to signify our sense of separation, because love has had the right of way and at last has come fully into its own.

J. R. W.

MY MOTHER

BY ERMIN C. PERISHO

I sit by the fireside and ponder,
Of life with its sorrows and joys;
I turn then again to my childhood,
And play on the floor with my toys.

I think of my father and mother,
With feelings of awe at the thought;
Of prayers that were raised for our welfare,
And sighs that our recklessness brought.

'Tis true that we thought them exacting,
A little old fashioned and stern;
We measured it not, in our folly,
The strength of the love that did yearn.

Their words and their counsels unheeded,
We turned from their training away;
Not openly, nay, for we loved them
And could not their longings betray.

At last, oh, at last, in heart hunger,
We longed for a friend who would care;
And then, when by others forsaken,
We turned from the tempter's dark snare.

We thought of the prayer of a mother,
And love that through sorrow did burn;
With heart over-flowing, but broken,
To her and her love we did turn.

So tenderly did she receive us
And made of our sorrow her own;
With love that is holy she blessed us,
And carried her grief all alone.

'Tis mother, my saintly old mother!
Your love is so wondrously strong;
If I, in my weakness, could tell you
The strength of your life and your song!

A man sits alone by the fireside,
Except for the thoughts that are true,
And chief of the things that have made him,
'Tis love—my dear Mother, 'tis YOU.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.

THE WAY OF THE C. O. IN FRANCE

Alfred Lowry, in charge of the Quaker Center in Paris, has written the Service Committee about a most interesting case of conscientious objection to military service in France which has been noted in various French and foreign papers:

"Two brothers named Berthalon, members of a little Protestant Community in the valley of Freissinieres in the French Alps, disappeared in 1914 because they felt it was wrong to go to war. They lived for twelve years hidden away in the mountains and it was only on the 11th of January 1927 that they were arrested by the gendarmes as they were coming out of church.

"There is no doubt in any one's mind that their case was a genuine one.

"One of their relatives, who was decorated for his courage in the war, is reported to have said: 'They wanted to obey God rather than men and they preferred to retire to the mountains and for twelve years to live a life which I, who went through the whole war, would have been too great a coward to face.'

"They were tried at Lyon the 15th of March before the Military Court Martial and sentenced to three years imprisonment, 'avec sursis.' This means that they were immediately discharged. If during the next five years they are arrested again for any cause and convicted, they must serve their three years in addition to the new sentence, but if no charge is brought against them during the five years' period, all danger of this three years' sentence will automatically be removed. Thus the verdict of the Court Martial is virtually an acquittal."

It is the function of Christianity to raise this unacknowledging trustfulness and self-giving out of dumb unconsciousness, and to give it speech, and to crown it with the glory of fully human self-devotion. It is its part to declare that it is God whom they find in the offering up of themselves, his purpose to which they can cleave, his will to be done and that to him joy is the supreme end of man.—NEVILLE TALBOT.

CORRESPONDENCE AND COMMENT

These columns are open to expression of opinion on the part of readers so far as it seems to come within the range of the general welfare of our body and is expressed in a co-operative constructive spirit. Obviously, sentiments expressed by contributors herein, or otherwhere in the paper for that matter, cannot be held to reflect those of The American Friend.

CONCERNING QUAKERS AND PROTESTANTS

Editor THE AMERICAN FRIEND:

The question by your two Protestant friends, found in a recent editorial, (March 10), as to "Where the Quakers get off," embodies a truth not only strange to non-Friends but I believe scarcely realized by Friends in general. It is that expressed in the sentence, "There is certainly an historic divergence between Protestantism and Quakerism that is very real." This seems to me unavoidable and possibly an asset if we continue to hold and teach the truth revealed to us in the beginning of our call.

A year or two ago a Catholic priest said to me, "The Quakers are the only consistent Protestants." I agreed with him but the conversation on the subject ended there.

An effective leaflet was recently published by the national Woman's Christian Temperance Union with the title, "The A B Cs of Peace." When reaching the letter "Q" it asks, "Is there any way of attaining peace except the queer, quiet ways the Quakers follow?" Being the State Director of Colorado I received a letter from the National Director of Peace and Arbitration suggesting that, since some Quaker State Directors were dissatisfied with the word "queer," it might better be marked out in each leaflet before distributing. I wrote her asking that she withdraw her suggestion and let the word stand. Inwardly I hoped it might lead to some valuable inquiry as to its application.

A while ago Quakers were queer on account of dress and language. That is past. But now what can be more queer, commonly speaking, than the ways of the Friends' work to attain peace during the world war and since? So queer is the work of our American Friends Service Committee that all Europe is astonished, while our American periodicals find it too uninteresting to take much notice of. And with but little bluster we here at home are fighting against military preparedness, against military training in our schools and (shame that it is so) we find ourselves compelled to oppose imperialism.

Many years ago, my husband and I were helping to conduct a community Sunday School in a Rocky Mountain region of Colorado nearly eight thousand feet above sea level. In my Bible class were men and women from different states and many churches and no church at all. There was a Roman Catholic foreigner, a Yale graduate, and at one end of the front row sat a woman with a baby in her lap. Near her was a man apparently young who kept his eye on his lesson leaf but always answered when spoken to. He was supposed to have lived long in that rough region and it was whispered that at one time "he had got his man." There were others not so notable. We were the only Quakers. I was enabled to conduct the class without disagreeable controversy as to church membership or church doctrine, but with great freedom as to opinion and belief.

When a preacher from a *civilized* town came to conduct a service it somehow leaked out that Quakers did not observe outward ordinances.

This was interesting to many members of my class, and I was asked to explain. I said it was not fair to take the time of the class in discussing my special views. But I told them that the Society of Friends, called Quakers, arose in the Seventeenth century as a protest against Protestantism; that the Protestants had retained too much of the Roman Catholic ritual and ceremonies. Then after some words in regard to the Holy Spirit and the responsibility of each soul to God alone, I suggested that they come to our home whenever they could and we would talk it over. A goodly number came at various times and over the teacups we held sweet converse and had many enlightening interviews with those people. Among other things the Quaker view of war was thoroughly aired pro and con.

When, later, we moved to a many-churched town we felt that wherever we might live we could worship and work in full Christian fellowship with any Protestant denomination although not able to subscribe to or join a ritualistic or outward-ordinanced church. Lack of numbers may not be the greatest failure. May the Society of Friends follow Christ as he leads along the way of the world's needs. It may not be as other denominations are led.

RUTH HINSHAW SPRAY.

Whittier, Calif.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

BY ALIDA SUTTON

A careful mother I would be—
My little ones will follow me;
Lord, keep me in the narrow way,
Lest my little ones should stray.

I do not want to step aside,
Where harmful pleasure's path is wide;
Nor go in wine's red revelry—
These little ones may follow me.

I often watch those little eyes,
Whate'er I do, they, too, will try;
Like me, they think they're going to be—
These little ones who follow me.

For now they think I'm good and kind;
Believe my every word will bind;
If ought be base, dear Lord, in me,
I pray that this they may not see.

May I remember every day,
If paths are rough, or life is gay,
I'm building for the years to be—
For little ones who follow me.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

THE DAYS AHEAD OF US

A widely known and much travelled Friend has written us the following personal letter. It is of particular interest, coming from one who has had exceptional opportunities of observation and investigation. Since the letter was not written for publication, we withhold the writer's name.

—EDITOR.

"I desire to express my thanks for thy recent editorial respecting the possibility of future sufferings for Friends who will stand by their conscientious convictions in anticipated periods of war.

"Our country is being militarized to an extent little appreciated by Friends. Many Friends have so enjoyed reading the pretty things said about their relief work that they do not see the signs of the times. In many sections of the United States the spirit of intolerance toward those who hold a tender conscience as to engaging in war, or preparation for it, is greater than that which existed in Prussia or England prior to the great war. This is proved by the insults, false statements as to facts regarding people of good will in the newspapers, and conversations with those holding official position in the vast portions of our country where the name of Quakers even, is hardly known. Friends forget what a tiny group they are in the great bulk of population, easily led by propaganda, and deceived by censorship.

"The last few years I have been astonished at the general opinion expressed by officials, army and navy men, church people in private capacity and others, that America must push ahead with the armed fist, that those who have conscientious scruples must submit to the will of the majority, or take the consequences. The general national tone and temper have strangely changed within the past few years, ideals of civil and religious liberty are lightly considered by those who want to go with the multitude rather than with those who desire to follow the glorious traditions of the republic.

"But, thanks be to God, everywhere there are small groups, too often now cowed in silence, who are holding the law of love of Jesus in holy reverence. They are mostly young people in our colleges and universities, and in the day of trial many of these will join hands with young Friends in standing for the spirit and teachings of the shamefully abused gospel of our Lord.

"Again, I thank thee!"

Books worth while are those opened with expectation and closed with profit.

In Our Mixing Bowl

Including a Pinch of Allspice

Onc't there was a Bolshevik, who
Wouldn't say his prayers—
So Kellogg sent him off to bed,
Away upstairs,
An' Kellogg heerd him holler, an'
Coolidge heerd him bawl,
But when they turn't the kivvers
Down, he wasn't there at all!
They seeked him down in Mexico, they
Cussed him in the press;
They seeked him round the Capitol,
An' everywheres I guess;
But all they ever found of him was
Whiskers, hair, and clout—
An' the Bolsheviks'll get you
Ef
you
don't
watch
out!

—SENATOR NORRIS, in the United States Senate, January 15, 1927.

We are sending missionaries to all groups of people and we ought to send them to the automobiles. They need civilizing and Christianizing. Some of them do better than they used to do. Some belong to the church and attend. Many of the closed cars attend the morning service but do not come out at night. On Wednesday nights you can see a few Fords parked at the prayer meetings, but the most of the limousines and sedans are parked at the Country Club and the downtown theater. Sedans are not much on prayer meetings. Many of them will stay sober all week and then get drunk on Sunday, running wild over three counties, taking a crowd of people to visit others, keeping them from going to church. The effect these closed cars have on Sabbath-loving people is amazing. Folks who were good observers of the day now run wild to beaches, turning Sunday into a big picnic revelry.—DR. J. M. ROWLAND in *Alabama Christian Advocate.*

ARM-BANDS INSTEAD OF FIREARMS

The Germans in Hankow, China, are wearing arm-bands to show their nationality. The reason is this: Under the Versailles Treaty, they were deprived of the rights other Europeans enjoy, but without rights they prospered. Without gunboats or garrisoned concessions, without lurid police or foreign judges, German merchants have been immune from the boycotts which have struck the trade of other Europeans; and now while other merchants in Hankow must camp for safety in the yard of a big factory, the Germans go about their business secure in the possession of an arm-band which informs the Chinese who meet them that they trade without gunboats.

—War Register's Bulletin.

Why try to tell the Salvation Army that the parks are crowded with drunken men the same as before prohibition, when we used to gather them in and fight to save them? They are gone. The benches remain, but their occupants are not drunk. Why try to make us believe that the workingmen spend their wages before their families can get money for food, and that they beat their wives and children, as in the old days? It is simply not true.—EVANGELINE BOOTH.

If I had my way I would make entry into church membership more difficult. I would write over its portals, "No admission except on business."

—THE REV. H. B. SUTTON.

TWO CARE-FREE DAYS!

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN TO US)

There are two days of the week upon which and about which I never worry. Two care-free days, kept sacredly from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed forever beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought. I cannot unsay a word that I said yesterday. All that it holds in my life, of wrong, regret and sorrow, is in the hands of the All-Mighty Love, that can bring honey out of the rock, and sweet waters out of the bitterest desert—the Love that can make the wrong things right, that can turn weeping into laughter, that can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joy of the morning for the woe of the night. Save the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like the perfume of roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine, it is God's.

The other day I do not worry about is to-morrow. To-morrow with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promise and poor performance, its failures and mistakes, is far beyond the reach of my mastery as is its dead sister, yesterday. It is a day of God's. Its sun will rise in roseate hues and splendor, or behind a mask of weeping clouds. But it will rise. Until then, the same love and patience that hold yesterday and hold to-morrow are shining with tender promise into the heart of to-day. I have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in the safe-keeping of the Infinite Love that holds for me the treasure of yesterday. The Love that is higher than the stars, wider than the skies, deeper than the seas. To-morrow—It is God's Day. It will be mine.

PLENTY IN DETROIT!

Farmer—"Samanthy, do you want me to bring you anything from the city today?"

His wife—"Yes, Si; you might bring me a few jars of that traffic jam I see advertised in the papers."—*Business.*

Ideals are never powerful until they are incarnate. There is the possibility of corruption in every incarnation; either corruption or crucifixion. We generally choose corruption in preference to crucifixion.

—Reinhold Niebuhr.

The Bootblack: "Light or dark, sir?"

The Absent-minded Preacher: "I'm not particular, but please don't give me the neck."—*Carnegie Puppet.*

The Rev. F. A. Haywood of Indianapolis got off a good story about the hair pin at the recent convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs. It seems that a little girl playing around in the attic found a hair pin. Moved by curiosity she carried it to her mother.

"Mother, what is this?" she asked.

"Darling, you take that to your grandmother and she will explain all about it," was the mother's perplexed answer.

—Church Management.

THE CHURCHES
Have quite generally resolved that
"THE GLORIFICATION OF WAR MUST END"
And that
"WE MUST EDUCATE FOR PEACE"

Many people that wish to help in this great work do not know how. One way is to use GOOD-WILL ENVELOPES, for they scatter good will all along the way. A box of 500 for $1.00

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INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE

Did a greater slacker ever live than the one who is doing nothing to PREVENT ANOTHER WAR?

YOU can help a bit by passing on this notice.

QUAKERDOM · AT · LARGE

Our Friends, Fred and Olive Ryon, who have been spending the winter at Penney Farms, Florida, have returned to their pastoral work at Pelham, Ontario.

Josiah C. Russell is arranging to teach American History during the approaching summer session of Colorado College at Colorado Springs. Their present address is 232 E. Cache le Poudre Street.

Chas. M. Woodman exercised a responsible place of leadership last week in the Middle West regional conference of Y. W. C. A. leaders held at Chicago. He is looking forward to a similar service at a summer conference to be held in New England next August.

Rudolf Boeck, Secretary of the Friends group in Vienna, died rather suddenly on April 11. For many years he had been connected with many forward movements in Austria. He has been of great strength to the Friends group in Vienna and his passing will be a great loss to the Mission.

Caroline Hobbs Trueblood, wife of Professor Thomas C. Trueblood, died at Ann Arbor, Michigan, April 19. Many Friends will remember her as the daughter of Barnabas C. and Rebecca Hobbs, of Bloomingdale, Indiana. Professor Trueblood has been connected with the University of Michigan for more than forty years and has just retired from active service on its Faculty.

Earlham College again won the Indiana Intercollegiate Peace Contest a fortnight ago, its orator, Earle W. Carr of Richmond, speaking on the subject, "Putting Steam into the Peace Machine." Incidentally, Earlham, along with other Friends colleges, is planning to contribute some steam this coming summer by furnishing one or more teams for the promotion of the peace caravans which have been announced in these columns.

Since the above was written, Earle Carr has made a postscript desirable. Representing Earlham College on April 29 in the state constitutional oratorical contest, he won first honors and will speak for Indiana in the interstate contest to be held at Detroit, May 17. In this, his Senior year, he thus rounds out a very successful college career in public speaking, he having also been a star debater during his college course.

From Vienna has come an official expression of appreciation on the part of the Austrian people for the great assistance in anti-tuberculosis work given them through the American Friends Service Committee. Friends may recall that a few years ago the sum of $105,485 was raised in this country for a three year program of health work in Austria. That program has now been successfully completed and the federal Ministry for Social Administration has written to express its heartfelt thanks for "this noble and unselfish support at a time when it was most urgently needed."

Clippings from Japanese papers tell of the hearty welcome extended the Doll Messengers which reached Japan in time for the National Doll Festival Day on March 3. Of the ten thousand American dolls distributed throughout that country, nearly one hundred were contributed by Friends. Minnie Pickett Bowles was a member of the Japanese reception committee. It is hoped that letters will soon be going back and forth between the little girls in Japan who received these dolls, and their little American friends who sent them with so many happy messages of good will.

William I. Votaw, Assistant Superintendent of the Foreign Mail Department of the United States, is a member of East 20th St. (Gramercy Park) Friends meeting New York City. He was born in Richmond, Indiana, where his parents now reside. From 1908 until 1916 he performed service as a Sea Post mail clerk between New York and various European ports. He now has supervision of the Ocean Mail Service on S. S. Lines running to England, France, Germany and to Buenos Aires, S. A., and to Porto Rico and Panama on which ships distribution of mail is made en route by American and foreign postal clerks.

May M. Jones, who has been spending the winter in Chicago and taking some courses of study at Chicago University, was in Richmond for Parents' Week at Earlham College where two of her sons are students, and addressed the Staff meeting at the Central Offices last week. She reviewed sympathetically the progress in Temperance work and the movement toward church union in Cuba as she knew it from close range. She and her husband, Sylvester Jones, went as missionaries to Cuba in 1900 and for a quarter of a century have been giving their best in promoting Christian enterprises on the mission field.

In the recent centenary addresses to his memory, special reference was made to Joseph Lister's Quaker ancestry and his connection with the Society of Friends by the Bishop of Birmingham, in an eloquent address in Westminster Abbey, and also by Sir Berkeley Moynihan, the celebrated Leeds surgeon, in his discourse next day. The latter spoke very pointedly of the peaceful effect of Lister's work which would, he said, like that of the League of Nations, be a work forever tending to bring nations and people together in the bond of a common and peaceful effort for the benefit of humanity in every clime and country. Such an oration, which plainly showed his friendly attitude toward peace, was striking and perhaps almost unexpected, writes Dr. A. Midgley Cash, as quoted in *The Friend* (London), and seemed to leave a savor of peace and goodwill in the meeting.

Solomon B. Woodard celebrated the 89th anniversary of his birth at the home of his son Otis C. Woodard, Royal Oak, Michigan, near Detroit, March 27. Immediately following the meeting for worship at the Friends Church in Detroit, a number of Friends made their way in autos to the home where a surprise and pot-luck dinner was tendered in his honor. The long table from dining-room through double doors into living-room was well loaded with good things to eat. Valuable gifts and a big shower of post cards from many relatives and friends in different parts of the country were much enjoyed. Toasts were given by the pastor, Ira C. Dawes; by James G. Mendenhall and Arthur G. Thorpe; and Doris Mendenhall, a talented reader, gave some choice selections in his honor. He is among the oldest, in respect to age, in Indiana Yearly Meeting to which he now belongs, having had his right of membership transferred from Washington, D. C., to Detroit Monthly Meeting about a year ago.

NEWS OF OUR MEETINGS

The adult department of the Sunday-school at Greenleaf, Idaho, gave a very enjoyable social in honor of Walter and Chloe Perisho, who with their two sons are moving to Palmer Junction, Oregon, with the hope that a change in climate may be beneficial to his health. They were among the early settlers of Greenleaf and staunch workers in the church and community, and will be greatly missed. The attendance at Sunday-school has improved, the average being now over 200. Calvin Choate has been giving some stirring messages on the Second Coming of Christ with emphasis on true preparedness. The funeral of Albert E. Baldwin, who died at the home of a niece in Eagle, was held at Caldwell, Idaho, Calvin Choate giving a message of comfort on the Christian's assurance in Jesus Christ. "Uncle Albert" as he was familiarly known had spent several months with his nephew, Walter Perisho, and had many friends here. He was a former student of Penn College. His sister, Mrs. Orma Perisho, accompanied the body to his former home at Whittier, California, for interment. At the close of an interesting Easter program, a missionary

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W. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE, *President*

The Foundation is an interdenominational university of religion serving an international constituency. An old institution with history and traditions now housed in an entirely new plant of five beautiful stone buildings on spacious campus. Faculty of 30 specialists and numerous lecturers. Case Memorial Library of 200,000 volumes and pamphlets, rich in sources and special collections.

Hartford Seminary Foundation, Hartford, Conn.

offering amounted to nearly $70, making a total of more than $663 for the Monthly Meeting's missionary giving. The Junior Department brought twenty-one dozen eggs and $4.76, making $8 for them and the Intermediates gave $12 which was included in the total amount.

At the Easter program, the Everett, Washington, Friends had 140 present among whom were several strangers. The Sunday-school for the past month averaged 135 and a wonderful spirit prevails. Isaac Stanley of Seattle gave a special address following the April business meeting.

Citrus Heights, California, Friends were recently favored in having Leanah Hobson of Lindsay for ten days of special meetings. Her forceful and practical teaching led to a quickened conscience and renewed life in the church. She was ably assisted by the pastor, John R. Wright. The religious activities of the meeting are well organized with departmental Bible school and Endeavor societies for all ages, and the needs of the community are being met by the pastor. The annual report showed that Friends are concerned in taking advantage of the educational opportunities available, that from twenty-five Friends families in the vicinity there are sixteen high school students, two recent graduates from business college, one from the technical high school, four are taking Junior University work and two are graduating this year from the University of California at Berkeley, all of whom are actively associated with the church. At the close of the special meetings the pastor went to Lindsay for evangelistic meetings and during his absence Asa Woodard and Abijah Weaver gave the messages on Sunday mornings, while the evening meetings were conducted by the C. E. societies.

The little Sunnyside Friends Church, California, five miles distant from any other church, is the only one in the lower Sweetwater Valley to minister to the spiritual needs of the more than two hundred people who live less than two miles from the church. Though the total membership is only thirty-four, it has a Bible School of above fifty in average attendance, a meeting for worship almost as large, a Christian Endeavor of seventeen active members and a missionary society doing successfully the lines of work carried on by the societies in the larger churches. On Easter Sunday morning, the Bible School gave a very interesting program occupying the morning hour for worship except the time for the pastor's sermon. Following the sermon, nine people came forward to unite with the church and three others to be transferred from the associate to the active list. In the evening the choir gave the beautiful song-a-log, "The Dawn Immortal," by Tullar-Meredith Co. Of the nine who are asking for membership seven are on confession of faith and the others by letter. Special meetings were held four nights during the week preceding Easter with Joseph S. Fox, pastor of the San Diego Friends meeting, assisting the pastor.

On the night of April 17, a Bible story-telling contest and a memory-verse contest was held in the Friends Church at Hortonville, Indiana, with music furnished by the orchestra and some special vocal numbers. A full house enjoyed the entire program and rejoiced to know that the younger people were taking up this work so enthusiastically. Quite a number of missionary posters were also displayed which had been made by the children of the different meetings in the Quarterly Meeting.

OH, MOTHER OF MINE

BY ENID MONTA MARIS

Harsh are the words which they have spoken,
Oh, mother of mine, little mother of mine!
And the heart of me, they have almost broken,
Oh, mother of mine, for the love that is thine.

"Old Woman!" they called thee, with scornful tongues,
Unmindful of years slipping by;
Today is youth; tomorrow, age comes;
Escape it? 'tis useless to try.

Far have they strayed from childhood's shore,
That they should forget the love of a mother;
Their hearts with world rust are crusted o'er,
Or such love they never, ah, never could smother.

Care they not for the years that are given,
To those who've lived true every day?
Know they not how much thou hast striven,
To strew roses o'er life's rugged way?

Thy heart is still young; thy locks are raven,
Oh, mother of mine, little mother of mine!
Thou hast not entered the port of the haven,
Where age bids thee rest in peace sublime.

Yet, this is my prayer: "When old they have grown,
The years will weave garlands, with myrtle entwine;
That the rosebuds of youth will blossom full blown,
Like the glow in thy face, oh, mother of mine!"

Kokomo, Indiana.

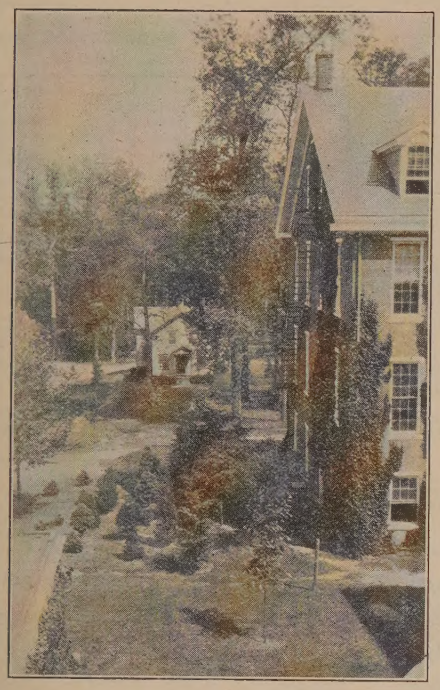
Lindsay, California, Friends meeting is enjoying an increased attendance which is manifest also in the Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor. The pastor, Leanah Hobson, has consented to continue another year. Eleven new members were received two months ago and fifteen last month. Twelve days of special meetings with John R. Wright as evangelist have been helpful. The pastor had assisted him in his meeting at Citrus Heights where the attendance and results were good.

Herbert W. Reynolds of Randleman, North Carolina, as secretary of the "Reynolds Schoolhouse Memorial Camp" of which organization Thomas C. Hodgin is president, announces a homecoming of the old students, teachers, and committeemen who have long been absent from the scene of their childhood, for May 15, 1927. At this schoolhouse, Friends and the Wesleyans have carried on religious work for nearly a hundred years. Such ministers as David B. Updegraff, Lindley M. Hoag, and Louisa Painter have preached there. And doubtless many of our readers have gone to school there. This memorial camp has been established not only for the purpose of renewing friendship but to promote and blend together a higher type of citizenship among the youth of the country. The wealth of knowledge gone out from this place was the conception of that great patriot from whom it derives its name. Everyone is invited to take part in this joyful event.

FOUNTAIN CITY ITEMS

The Fountain City, Indiana, Friends meeting is prospering under the leadership of Austin Osborn and his wife and the activities in review for six months give much encouragement. A playlet in the Sabbath School on Rally Day stimulated attendance and individual responsibility when more than 200 were present. A series of meetings followed with Gertrude M. Reinier as evangelist and Clarence Cosand as song leader, and as a result of this effort twenty-four new members were welcomed which made thirty-six for the year. A reception was given these at a banquet including a program of music, readings and an address by William J. Sayers of Muncie on "What Friends Believe and Why."

Perhaps the most encouraging feature is the large number of young people who attend Sabbath School and Church and take an active part in the business. Conscientious teachers in the public school have wielded a good Christian influence and three of the



View from Boys' Rooms, Looking North

Westtown a Quaker Center

Why, parents will naturally ask, should we send our children far away from home at considerable expense when there are good day schools near by?

The answer to this question depends, so far as Westtown School is concerned, on what you want for your boy or girl. A great democracy like ours needs diversity of view point. Most of us feel strongly that the Quaker way of life has a real contribution to make to the life of our country. But this attitude that we prize so highly is the result usually of long training. It cannot be taught outright; it needs to be lived from early years, and here is one of the greatest services Westtown is performing. A boy or girl is immersed there in a pervasive, refining Friendly atmosphere just at the time when character is most easily formed. Life for young people in these days tends to be distracting, and at Westtown a very happy balance is struck between the claims of the usual present day amusements and the older conservative negative tradition. The Friendly tone of the School, the many Quaker visitors from all over the world, the explicit teaching in the classes, the lectures, the many little hints that are gradually effective though unnoticed at the time, the visiting in the homes of Eastern relatives and School acquaintances, all tend to give the mind of a boy or girl a set toward the Quaker view of life. It is most significant that all over this country, graduates of Westtown are found who are the active concerned Christians of their neighborhoods. And the friendships formed at the School are helping to bind our scattered Society together by ties of close personal interest. Applications for 1927-28 must be filed by 5 mo. 15, 1927.

A postal card indicating thy interest will bring further information.

JAMES F. WALKER, *Principal,*
Westtown, Pa.

teach in the Sabbath School. A school of Religious Education was held for the first time with Austin Osborn, as superintendent, and three women of the community giving three hours each week to this work. The pupils enjoy their studies.

The Missionary Society was never more active especially as regards the young people who take part. To all class socials and amusements the pastor and his wife are invited and usually attend. Special attention has been given to attendance at prayer meeting with marked improvement. A short program often supplements as a study of discipline, history of Friends, work of the Yearly Meeting, or some subject of a more spiritual nature. They have been interesting and instructive.

Occasional surprises from visiting Friends have been enjoyed. Frederick B. Sainty from England gave a very inspiring talk about English Friends and their manner of worship. Tadosaku Ito, a Japanese student at Hope College, Holland, Michigan, was present at one prayer meeting and gave a good talk. He was spending his Spring Vacation with Friends in Richmond as arranged by the Friends Service Committee. On April 6, preceding prayer meeting that comes before Monthly Meeting, the young people's classes gave a supper with a short entertainment. One report at this meeting, received with rejoicing, was that united budget pledges in weekly or monthly payments would care for the quota to be paid in monthly.

Easter morning, the offering together with mite box offerings of the primary classes was given to missions. The splendid evening program rendered by those of different ages was unusually impressive. The benefits of many faithful workers some of whom have gone to other fields are being realized, as the good work of Addie W. Hiatt, now of Muncie, who gave the young people's class a strong start; and Mrs. Reynolds, wife of the former pastor, who made it so interesting that the class was divided. Later it was necessary to divide it again, and the young married people's class, with Mary Woodard as teacher, has an enrollment of fifty-six. The high school superintendent, Mr. Rank, has one division and Mr. Woody, another teacher, the other. The pastor and his wife are most active in all departments of work, they see that each new member has some duty for which they are held responsible and thus at once become a part of the church organization.

NEWBERG ACTIVITIES

At the Newberg Monthly Meeting of Friends held April 13, at Newberg, Oregon, the resignation of Raymond S. Holding was accepted with hesitation and regret. For the past two and one half years he has served ably and effectively as pastor of the meeting, and has revealed by his life something of the same spirit of love and courage which was in Jesus. During this time he has been a source of inspiration to many; to the young people of the college as well as to the people of the immediate meeting. It was with all confidence in his sincerity of purpose, uprightness, and integrity of character, that he was released from this service, and it is earnestly hoped that he will find other opportunities to help bring in the Kingdom of God on earth.

Easter day was fittingly observed in the Newberg meeting by two impressive programs given before large audiences. The pageant in the morning, showing the triumph of Faith, Joy, and Love, over Despair, was appreciated by all. An offering amounting to $40 was given for the work of promoting goodwill on earth through the American Friends Service Committee. The musical program in the afternoon consisted principally of anthems by the Men's Choir under the direction of Fred Frost. It was a service well worth hearing and the audience demonstrated their appreciation by gifts amounting to $28.50 to help on the Meeting's hymn book fund.

In Sunday school last Sunday morning prizes were awarded to winners of the anti-cigarette essay contest which has just closed in the Junior Department. In the older group the winners were as follows: 1st prize, Ora Kendall; 2nd prize, Elizabeth Aebischer. In the younger group Marjorie Seely won 1st place, and Robert McClean 2nd place

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

May 15, 1927

Lesson Text, Acts 2:12-14, 32-41.

12. *They...all.* Jews and proselytes from all parts of the Roman Empire. There are twelve kinds of foreigners at this gathering, and they all hear the Christians speaking in their own language.

13. *New wine.* Drunkenness makes men babble, but it has never yet converted three thousand souls. On this great day their babble was understood by men of all nations. It conveys the idea that the Gospel now preached for the first time, is destined to reach all nations.

14. *Men of Judaea.* Something about Peter gained their attention. He had a commanding personality. He spoke in Aramaic to those who understood and then it was passed on and translated to others.

32. *Raise up.* The resurrection had convinced them, therefore He was the central theme. *Witnesses.* And taking oath as in a court of law, with God the judge.

33. *Exalted...right hand.* Only the Messiah could be thought of as taking the exalted place at the right hand of God. This accounts for this manifestation of faith, power and assurance.

34. *David...Lord.* David was buried and lies in his tomb, he never rose to heaven, but Jesus has sent down from heaven the Spirit to his followers. In Him, then, the prophecy is fulfilled, God, as the whole house of Israel is to recognize, has made Jesus both Lord and Messiah. Such Scripture—Ps. 110—was constantly used by the early preachers as they tried to convert Jews to the belief that Jesus was actually the Messiah whom they were all waiting for.

36. *All the house.* Jews all over the world. Peter is drawing for them the conclusion that Jesus is Lord of the nation, and is Christ the Messiah.

37. *What shall we do.* Peter proved that Jesus was not contradictory to the Jewish faith, but the crowning of it, fulfilling the Scriptures. They wondered what offerings and sacrifices would be demanded in addition to what they already had.

38. *Repent.* "Change your idea about Jesus. Accept Him. Obey Him. Change your lives in accord with Him." This was infinitely harder than adding another ritual. *Be baptized.* This was an old Jewish custom and would be well understood as a sign of positive change in life. *The gift.* That had changed the discipline from cowards to rousing preachers.

39. *Afar off.* Jews of the dispersion. No Gentiles as yet. *Crooked generation.* The first generation A. D. was one of the most corrupt in history. Obedience to Jesus meant dropping many customs and habits that were universally recognized and practiced.

41. *Added.* Still perfectly good Jews, but now promising to follow Jesus as well as the law.

EXPERIENCE AND PREPARATION

Peter was a great and powerful preacher. But his greatness consisted not only in natural talents. He was naturally of a religious nature, he had ability, and was fully equipped to be a leader. But there was another source that he gave full sway. That source of power was made practical, usable and effective by two factors in his life: a great experience and great preparation by prayer. The disciples had waited until power from on high had come upon them. They waited. Like water piling up behind a dam, the power of those prayer meetings had accumulated, and now it was irresistible. It burst forth carrying everything before it. The past months had given them a great experience. The resurrection of their Lord had cleared the whole thing. Their forsaking, betraying and denying along with the gracious forgiveness of Jesus had brought them into a relationship with the Master that was the great experience of their lives. The other was their waiting in conference about Jesus and in prayer to God. Now the day had fully come, and they were prepared. Peter and the others started the work of the Christian church. It hangs over us today as an unfinished, unrealized hope. Peter, prepared by experience and prayer, truly had a message for all who speak in Christ's name today.

RALPH H. BORING.

Central City, Nebraska.

BIRTHS

EVES—To Julia Downman Thom and William Eves, 3rd, of George School, Bucks County, Pa., a daughter, Mary Elizabeth—the great granddaughter of Benjamin H. Miller of Sandy Spring, Md.

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4413 Indiana Ave. Take Indiana Surface Car, or South Side Elevated to 43d. Bible School 9:45; Worship 11:00 a. m. Second Sunday each month is Suburban day, with luncheon served at 12:30 and Discussion Group meeting at 2:00. Willard H. Farr, Clerk, 6024 Dakin St. Telephone Kildare 0872. Names and addresses of Friends coming to Chicago should be sent to the above address.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Detroit Monthly Meeting of Friends, 2691 Joy Road, near Linwood. Take Fourteenth or Clairmount cars. Bible School 10:00 a. m. Meetings for Worship, 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to all friends everywhere. Pastor, Ira C. Dawes, 2322 Leslie Ave. Phone Arlington 3940J. Church Phone, Euclid 4088.

DENVER, COLORADO
Denver Friends Church, West 41st Ave. and Shoshone St. Take number 28 car to West 41st Ave. and walk one block east. Bible School 9:45 a. m. Meetings for Worship 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. C. E. 6:30 p. m. Pastor, Charles A. Mott, 2105 West 41st Ave. Home phone Gallup 6070-M. Church phone Gallup 1461. A home church for out-of-town Friends.

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE
Knoxville Friends Church, Corner of Luttrell Ave. and Lovinia St. Take No. 2 Street car to Luttrell and walk one block west or take Fountain City car No. 3 to Lovinia St., walk two blocks North. Bible School 9:30 a. m. Meetings for Worship 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m. Monthly Business Meeting held on first Wednesday of each month at 7:30. An urgent invitation to all Friends everywhere. Pastor, John E. Snavely, residence No. 316 E. Anderson. Phone E. K. Coggins, No. 1622 old phone.

HIGH POINT NORTH CAROLINA
High Point Friends Church, Cor. S. Main and Commerce Sts. Bible School and Men's Brotherhood Class, 9:45. Meeting for Worship at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Congregation supper at 6:30 P. M. each Wednesday during the winter with a good address and much sociability, followed by a class in Church History by Dr. F. R. Taylor. Travellers passing through the city are welcome. Friends are kindly requested to send names of persons who have moved to this locality to T. A. Sykes, Pastor, 108 W. Green St.

The American Friend

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